

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Has McKinley Deserted Roosevelt?

It is edifying to find President McKinley declining to visit New York for the reason that he might be suspected of coming with political and partisan purpose.

For more than two weeks the time of the President has been given up to a political tour of the doubtful States of the middle West. His partisan activity has been made the more obnoxious to right-minded people by the hypocritical efforts made by the managers of his stumping tour to declare it absolutely non-partisan. It may be urged that the Omaha Exposition is a national institution of sufficient importance to justify a visit from the President of the United States, and the plea is good as far as it goes. But it was not necessary to so arrange the route of the Presidential train going and coming as to pass through the greatest possible number of doubtful Congressional districts; it was not necessary to accompany the royal progress with floods of oratory in which the people were besought not to discredit the Administration which managed—or mismanaged—the war, and in which all were adjured to reflect upon and admire the happy results to the world of industry and commerce which have attended the McKinley Administration. Nor was it essential to hold "peace jubilees" where they would do the greatest political good, though peace still hangs on a thread.

In Chicago the Republican managers cheerfully insist that the President's visit was good for 25,000 votes to their ticket. In Washington the Republican Congressional Committee announces that the journey was of the greatest political benefit. But the President will not come to New York lest he be suspected of partisan purpose!

Why this curious discrimination? Why make fish of Colonel Roosevelt—who is surely no sucker—and fowl of the candidates in Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Nebraska? Is the President belatedly overcome by a sense of the proprieties of his position, or is he averse to helping Colonel Roosevelt to the station of a Presidential aspirant? A President who saw no impropriety in stumping Bryan's State while keeping Bryan in camp would not be above sticking a knife into a dangerously ambitious party associate.

THE WINNING NATIONAL POLICY.

Those who expected to hear President McKinley commit himself to some definite National Policy in his swing around the circle are grievously disappointed. Although his journey was timed to bolster up the failing fortunes of the Republican party in several Western States, his political speeches, although reeking with fervent tributes to the flag and reverential allusions to "currents of destiny," were only glittering generalities.

If the President is in favor of retaining the Philippines he failed to say so. If he is opposed to the Peace Commission considering any proposition from Spain looking to the United States assuming the Cuban debt he has carefully avoided making any public reference to the question.

He talks glibly enough of trade following the flag, but his hearers are left in doubt as to just where the flag is going to continue to fly.

The Journal stands sponsor for a National Policy so comprehensive and so patriotic that no promptings of partisanship should influence the President to withhold his hearty support:

**DIG THE NICARAGUA CANAL.
A MIGHTY NAVY.
MORE STRATEGIC BASES IN THE WEST INDIES.
GREAT NATIONAL UNIVERSITIES AT WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS.**

**ANNEX ALL THE PHILIPPINES.
DON'T RELIEVE SPAIN OF A DOLLAR OF CUBAN DEBT.**

Here is a National Policy that means something. It vibrates with a virile Americanism. It embraces the hopes of a great people, the manifest destiny of a powerful nation.

A part of this important programme is already assured. We have secured strategic bases in the West Indies. We have annexed Hawaii. We will have a mighty navy. The establishment of great national universities at West Point and Annapolis is certain. We must dig the Nicaragua Canal.

And the flag that Dewey raised at Manila will be nailed to the mast.

A "PERFECT BUSINESS INSTITUTION."

It is a defender of the notorious Oil Trust was given space in a New York newspaper last Saturday for a defence of the methods and purposes of that monopoly couched in terms which one might naturally suppose to be ironical but for the evidence the letter bore of having been sincerely meant. The writer explained that he was impelled to speak in praise of the Standard Oil Company by his patriotic pride in that it is "an American corporation that is the greatest and most perfect business institution in the world, attracting respect through all foreign lands."

Respect? But England is trying to bar out the product of Standard Oil refineries on the ground that it is murderously explosive.

Continuing, the champion of the Trust describes it as "simply a business institution pursuing those fair, legitimate and honorable methods which the competition of the day has made necessary to success, and which distinguish the business methods of the highest type of civilization."

Free from its context, that masterly marshalling of unstinted praise might be thought the work of some cynical socialist, some enemy of the competitive system which pervades all business, who sought to bring it into disrepute by describing arson, assault, conspiracy, bribery and riot—all offences of which the Standard Oil combination has been guilty—as "the fair, legitimate and honorable methods which the competition of the day has made necessary to success."

How glaringly inappropriate these adjectives selected to describe the methods of Standard Oil are may be shown by setting over against each some of the competitive methods by which the Trust has made itself all powerful.

"FAIR."—For years the Standard Oil Company had a secret arrangement with railroads to tide water by which its shipments were carried at rates nearly one-third lower than those charged its rivals, and when a rival concern tried to do business even with this heavy discrimination of rates against it, the amount it paid in excess of the Standard rate was paid over by the railroad corporation to the Trust.

"LEGITIMATE."—Such an arrangement as the foregoing could only be made by bribing railroad directors, and it was in fact proved that in the case of one road which thus paid over \$3,000,000 a year exacted from independent shippers the President was a stockholder in the subordinate corporation of the Trust which took the bribe.

"HONORABLE."—Prominent officials of the Standard Oil concern were accused, tried and convicted of bribing a workman to blow up a rival refinery in Buffalo. The crime was in fact committed, and that arson only, and not murder, is to be laid at the door of the corporation which is endowing universities and financing newspapers is due to happy accident and not design.

It is this concern, existing in defiance of the law, and managed by the most dangerous gang of Napoleonic criminals the world has ever produced, which the correspondent we quote describes as "an institution which exemplifies to our ambitious youth what may be done by strict adherence to business principles."

Glorious example! Stimulating record of lofty principle rewarded by wealth and power! Go, ambitious youth. Bribe, conspire, rob, perjure yourself, set the courts at defiance, incite men to riot that your rivals' property may be destroyed, freeze out relentlessly men who have helped you, beggar the widows of your friends, seduce weak men into the commission of frightful crimes, plot murder, ruin communities. So shall you become richer than man ever before dreamed of being, and may it please you found universities for the dissemination of your own sort of opinions, and endow churches for the preaching of the gospel of gold.

THE USEFUL FUNCTION OF THE CITS.

It is a fortunate thing for the Democratic party of New York that the Citizens' Union has put an independent State ticket in the field.

Not because of its drawing votes from the Republican ticket. That is the least of its virtues. But it is going to save us Democrats some exceedingly bad company and avert from us the undesired "assistance" of men for whose persons and beliefs we have no liking.

Now here is Carl Schurz, for example, the patriot who bitterly antagonized the war with Spain until the day a reluctant President was forced by Democrats in the House and Senate to declare war. The Carl Schurz who relinquished his job on Harpers' Weekly rather than be loyal to his adopted country in time of war now declares he will not support his old-time friend Roosevelt lest by so doing the cause of territorial expansion be advanced.

Just fancy if he had come over to Van Wyck on that issue. Imagine for a moment that besides having to tolerate Schurz the Democratic party had been, by his act, made to appear hostile to terri-

torial expansion. It would have been a calamity, an irreparable disaster.

We are thankful for the existence of the Cits. They serve the useful purpose of a waste paper basket. What a pity it is that by Schurz's communication to them there does not repose innocuously in the same receptacle the letter recently addressed to the Manhattan Club by that other eminent anti-expansionist, the late Grover Cleveland.

WAR OR PEACE IN EUROPE.

France and England stand face to face, with the shadow of war looming ominously over them. And yet there seems to be something artificial about the crisis. The position of Major Marchand is not one of the things that normally stir the depths of national emotion. It can be made to serve as the occasion, but it cannot be the underlying cause, of war.

There is no reason why England should begin the fighting over Marchand. The status quo is good enough for her. The little isolated band of Frenchmen holds the patch of ground on which it is encamped, and Kitchener's overpowering force surrounds and envelops it. Marchand need not disturb the English any more than a French picnic party dancing under the tricolor on the banks of the Hudson would disturb us. The government of the Nile valley is in British hands and will remain so.

The only apparent danger is that France, spurred by domestic violence, may take the desperate step of ordering England to withdraw her forces. That, of course, would mean immediate war. But there is reason to hope that instead of doing anything so reckless the French Government may take advantage of the opportunity to secure an amicable settlement of all the questions at issue between the two powers. That would be a happy outcome of a threatening situation.

THE FRUITS OF VICTORY.

In the peroration of his speech at Little Falls Saturday Colonel Roosevelt said: "We ask you to support us * * * because we stand at this crisis for uprightness and the honor of the American flag and for securing to the flag the fruits of the victories that were won under it last Summer."

Suppose we take Colonel Roosevelt's speech seriously and put it to the test of facts. He urges that the Republicans be continued in power to secure the fruits of our victorious war. Well, the Republicans are in power now. We whipped the Spanish soundly in Cuba and are, by commissioners, technically in possession of the Cuban capital, Havana. But, over the protests of these commissioners, the Spaniards are taking cannon and munitions of war out of the Havana forts and shipping them back to Spain. Heavy Krupp guns were taken from the Reina battery Friday and others from the Santa Clara battery and shipped on the Alfonso XII, which is to sail for Spain on the 30th. The American Commissioners protested, but to no avail.

"We cannot go out on the street and stop the guns being carted on the road ourselves," said one Commissioner. "We should have troops or marines here to enforce our protest."

While the President was making stump speeches in the West Spain was taking the cannon we captured—perhaps to turn them on us again. But we must all vote for Roosevelt so as to preserve the fruits of the victories in Cuba.

THE CHICAGO PLATFORM DEMOCRATS.

The State ticket put in nomination by enthusiastic upholders of the Democratic principles of 1896 under the name of the Chicago Platform Democracy has been refused a place on the official ballot. Into the circumstances of its rejection it is unnecessary to go now. Enough to say that the restrictions placed upon independent candidacies by the election law put it in the power of weak or corrupt men, even when only obscurely identified with the work of accomplishing a nomination by petition, to betray their associates or employers.

It is probable that the ticket of the Chicago Platform Democrats would have polled a very heavy vote. The Journal warned the Democratic managers at the time of the Syracuse convention that the affection of the people for the code of Jacksonian Democracy formulated at Chicago was deep-seated and not to be trifled with. The enthusiasm evoked at every stage of this canvass by the mention of the name of the foremost exponent of the Chicago platform, Colonel William J. Bryan, has demonstrated how great a power the force roughly denominated Bryanism is in this State.

The question of how to vote will now confront the Chicago Platform Democrats. It is one not to be lightly answered, nor determined in the heat of passion or under the influence of suspicion. In

Theodore Roosevelt they see a candidate more than ordinarily hostile to all they stand for. His utterances against Mr. Bryan in 1896 were marked by a tone of personal hostility, and of some of the purest men and greatest leaders in the Democratic party he did not hesitate to say that they should be shot down like the petroleuses of the Paris Commune. Can Chicago Platform Democrats vote for Roosevelt?

If the Democratic party in 1900 is to remain indifferent to the wishes of men who in 1896 voted for McKinley, it will be obliged, in all consistency, to be equally indifferent to those who in 1898 voted for Roosevelt. Support of Republican candidates is not the way to win the respectful attention of a Democratic National Convention.

A DISEASE OF MONARCHS.

The historian tells us that when Nero was first proclaimed Roman Emperor the hopes and righteous ambitions of all that was manly in Rome centred in the person of the young sovereign. His personality was charming. Careful education had sharpened his natural talents, and athletic training had brought out the perfection of his body. He was good to look upon, and he was good to converse with. He was admired by the serious for his knowledge and talents—he was adored by the young for his companionable spirits and liberality.

A few years of absolute power sufficed to make of this impressionable, weak, sensuous, talented, good fellow an insane tyrant, whose name, after eighteen hundred years, is still among Christian nations a byword for all that is cruel and despotic.

When Henry VIII. became King of England he possessed all the qualities that make friendship desirable. He was gifted with a graceful person and a gracious mind. He had sound ideas and England expected great things from him.

Ten years of power, ten years as the object of abject adoration by courtiers and flatterers, turned him into a reckless despot whose performances may be characterized as eccentric by the indulgent, but are more truthfully described as the emanations of an insane mind.

A very similar spectacle is presented to the world to-day. Young William of Hohenzollern, the Emperor of Germany, was known in his youth as a bright, amiable boy, who had inherited many of the stern virtues of his paternal and some of the sunshine of his maternal ancestors. He came to the throne too early in life for his own good. Power and adulation have destroyed him. The present age does not permit the tyrannical extravagances of Nero or Henry VIII. Instead of committing these the young man is making himself the laughing stock of the world.

Lombroso and his disciple, Nordau, call this form of disease megalomania. In America it is known as "swelled head."

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

WHEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND go to war the French will of course confer high naval rank on those petty officers and sailors of La Bourgoigne who were decorated, for their gallantry, with the rosette of the Legion of Honor. Heroes who survived a shipwreck in which one woman only was saved ought to be made admirals at least.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE needs \$150,000 immediately to provide for an interest account now due. When President Seth Low accepted his academic duties to run for Mayor there was spent by his campaign committee \$146,000. Melancholy thought. The politicians got almost \$150,000 and escaped Low; Columbia lacks \$150,000 and has Low on its hands.

FALL RIVER cotton mills will shut down for four weeks during the next three months, or curtail production to an equivalent degree in some other fashion. That means that workmen's pay will be cut one-third by a reduction of the working time by that amount. However, as McKinley says, "We have gone from labor seeking employment to employment seeking labor."

CONGRESSMAN SULZER is conducting his campaign for re-election in the Eleventh District with spirit and outspoken loyalty to the fundamental principles of the Democratic party in the United States that is wholly admirable.

LORD ROSEBURY—he of the three ambitions—to win the Derby, to marry the most charming woman in England and to become Prime Minister—all three gratified, has been making a speech in Scotland in which he out-Chamberlains Chamberlain in his feeling allusions to "our kinsmen across the sea." There is all reason to believe that the trouble with France over Fashoda is becoming acute.

The Efforts to Down Schley.

Editor of the New York Journal: Your paper has been the only one of the New York papers that has been fair in discussing the Wainwright report on the battle of Santiago.

Both the Herald and Sun printed editorials condemning Schley and the Brooklyn, basing their remarks on a fake report given out by the clique that is doing everything to down Schley. Now that the official report is out, the authors of these papers has had the fairness to acknowledge that it was imposed upon them.

The following story will explain the Herald's animus: Schley was asked to sign a statement to the effect that the Herald's dispatch about Golden Rod, who was shot at the battle of Santiago, was untrue. He refused to do so for the simple reason that there was no Golden Rod there during the fight. The Journal deserves and receives the thanks of every fair-minded person on the stand it has taken on this question. PIPES.

A VANDERBILT WEDDING.

MISS SLOANE'S BRIGHT SOCIAL CAREER.

THE engagement of Miss Emily Vanderbilt Sloane and John H. Hammond is of general interest, because Miss Sloane's residence shall have been finished. She is a granddaughter of William H. Vanderbilt, and, therefore, a member of what may be called one of the ruling houses of New York.

It will be gratifying to many people to know that the marriage will take place in town, and not in Lenox, as was the case when the sister of the bride-to-be, Miss Florence Adelle Sloane, was married to James Abercrombie Burden, Jr.

We all remember what a fuss was made over that wedding; how a special train went up to the Berkshires and how every body was entertained in the most princely manner before and after the wedding. But even at that a town wedding is always to be preferred to one at such a distance.

Miss Emily Vanderbilt Sloane was introduced to society at the same time that her cousin, Miss Edith Shepard, was, and for that introduction not only was the residence of her grandmother, Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, thrown open, but the adjoining residences of her mother and her aunt, Mrs. Shepard, placing the whole block between Fifth and Fifty-first streets at the disposal of the guests.

Both debutantes were very popular the following winter, and two years ago Miss Shepard became Mrs. Ernesto G. Fabriti. That Miss Sloane herself did not follow her cousin's example sooner is due to the fact that there has been a long period of mourning in the Vanderbilt family that impressed her more deeply than it did the cousin.

This, however, did not prevent numerous editors from seeking her hand, and it is well known that she has refused at least three men who had titles to offer her. She has a pleasing personality, being less looking rather than pretty, and having that swing and dash which comes from self-reliance induced by outdoor exercise. She has quite a reputation as a four-in-hand whip, and has been prominent in all outdoor sports in the Berkshires.

She also has a marked tendency to charitable work, and was the head and front of the "A. B. C. Club," which has developed into a big West Side mission. She is prospectively worth about five million dollars, and to those of us who have kicked so long and so vigorously against the habit of impecunious foreigners coming over here and carrying off our belongings it is especially gratifying to know that her betrothed is an American. He is a son of the late General John H. Hammond, a member of the New York Bar and a graduate from Yale University, and will live in New York after his marriage.

Incidentally it may be remarked that Mr. and Mrs. Sloane will bring their family back to Lenox, and will

locate temporarily in George Vanderbilt's house until the extensive work on the new residence shall have been finished.

Speaking of the titled suitors for the hand of Miss Sloane recalls the fact that one of these was Count Alexander Hadik de Futak, of Budapest, who delighted to pose here as a particularly ponderous swell and as the "Hercules of the 400."

But with all his posing Count Hadik de Futak only impressed the jeunesse dorée to the extent of having his noble name twisted into the somewhat foolish but nevertheless suggestive sobriquet of Count Hardtack de Futewick.

When Count Hardtack was a-courting Miss Sloane he professed to be vastly interested in the charitable work of the A. B. C. Club, and the way he used to exercise his superlative muscle in blags of Thanksgiving turkeys and bags of cranberries was a caution to see.

But Count Hardtack de Futewick gave nothing to the A. B. C. charity but his muscle, and that was probably one reason that his suit for Miss Sloane's favor progressed so poorly, although there were others.

In passing it may be asked what has become of the reported marriage of Count Hardtack with the Countess Maria V. Tanfildien-Ergoldsbach, also of Austria, which was said to have been set positively for October this year, and was to have been celebrated in Vienna. It was said at the time of the promulgation of this engagement that the Countess Maria V. Tanfildien-Ergoldsbach was richer even than Miss Sloane, and that therefore little Count Hardtack was planning himself at having been refused by the American heiress.

Can it be that the Countess Maria V. Tanfildien-Ergoldsbach, like Miss Emily Vanderbilt Sloane, discovered that it takes more than muscle to make a man?

One of the most astonishing sights on Fifth avenue these days is the spectacle of that youthful multi-millionaire Albert C. Bostwick rolling toward front, and around Central Park in the automobile.

He is invariably accompanied by his bride of a few months ago, and both of them seem to be at the very dizzy height of enjoyment as they horseless carriage trundle over the pavement.

The funny part of this thing is that young Bostwick has always aspired to be conspicuous in the "horsey" set and has actually expended a fortune in horseflesh. It was only recently that he paid \$10,000 for one animal, and altogether his devotion to the horse has been so marked in every way that to see him now turning with such avidity to the horseless carriage is making all his associates of the "horsey" set

TOBACCO AND THE CHURCH

AND A FEW THINGS OF NO IMPORTANCE.

"I'll never use tobacco, no,
It is a filthy weed.
I'll never put it in my mouth,"
Said little Robert Reed.

THE only difference is that the first and ever immortal Robert Reed contented himself with the assertion of his own unimpeachable conduct.

He never said a cross word about what would happen to any one else whose tastes happened to be less fastidious than his own.

All this would be a charmingly amusing diversion in this vale of tears were it not for the fact that while this body of Christian gentlemen haggled over the exact wording of their highly important resolution men and women in the real world, outside of their little hollow of smug self-satisfaction, fought and struggled, and hoped and feared, and laughed and wept, and died, without one word of human sympathy or hopeful encouragement from the Presbyterian clergy in congress assembled.

Here in New York, not three hours away from that congress, 10,000 cloak makers are begging the world to give them and their babies a chance to live.

Men who are willing to work the streets of the very city where that illustrious congress met, calling upon the God of Christianity to witness their hopeless degradation.

Women who have nothing to live for, and who dare not die, walked past the place of the meeting of the congress, night after night, with miserable hearts that scoffed at the idea of any help anywhere for them and their kind.

And the man ordained to preach the gospel of hope for sinners sat in a cozy hall, and passed a resolution denouncing the heinous sin of tobacco smoking.

Not three weeks ago a prominent clergyman soundalized the community of believers by asserting that the power of the Christian Church was waning day by day, and preachers all over the country cudgelled their brains for a logical reason to give for what some of them called a lamentable fact.

If what that clergyman said is true, if the power of the Church is really waning—this interesting little session of the Presbytery of Philadelphia certainly gives a clue to one of the reasons for such a decline.

A man who is drowning cares very little for advice as to the best way to save money enough to buy a pair of slippers for his clergyman.

and open their mouths and exclaim: "Well, mammoth estate of Mr. Vanderbilt in the Blimore to 'Blimorethanheknowswhatto do' which is the limit of expression. Blue Ridge Mountains, near Asheville, N. Carolina." of astonishment that any well regulated C. will be hailed with delight by the denizens of that locality, although I am thinking it will be a trifle monotonous for of Blimore innumerable people who will endeavor to help him out of his ignorance.

But I suppose that George Vanderbilt. Indeed I hear now that many of the people who sold him the various farms that more. When a man puts ten millions of dollars into a thing he doesn't like to leave thousands abroad and squatted on the former's possessions and are now using them. The announcement that Mr. and Mrs. other night in discussing George and his as though their rightful owner had never George W. Vanderbilt is to spend the marvellous North Carolina estate, that paid a cent for them.

Poppins are amusing little toys, but they are scarcely the weapon a soldier would choose for defending his country from a determined and resolute foe.

A practical seaman has very little use for the man who wants to feather his oars when there's a high sea rolling and a rocky shore too boat lengths away.

This is a distressingly practical matter of fact world. Gentlemen of the Philadelphia Presbytery and the men and women in it are apt to be a little impatient when they are asked to conform to too many high spun theories of conduct.

Any one who thinks, however, that the common people of this or any other country are growing to be independent of religious influence, thinks more than he observes.

There was never a time in the history of civilization when men so longed for some kind of spiritual help.

Look at the Faith Cure people!

See the Salvation Army and its work!

Watch the crowd at any street preacher's cart!

See the Salvation Army and its work!

A few, but only a few.

Most of the people who stand and listen to the haranguing of an illiterate missionary stand there in the vague hope of hearing something, learning somehow something, that will help them to live less sorrowfully.

Let any man arise with a philosophy which has in it something that appeals to that never dying hope implanted in every human breast, and he is mobbed by the concourse of his followers.

The world growing away from religion!

It is growing more and more truly religious every day.

The man of to-day demands some kind of a theory of existence which lifts him above the dead level of his own selfish ambitions.

The woman of to-day who does not belong to some kind of a society for helping some one or some thing besides herself, is an anachronism.

But people who are trying in dead earnest to help humanity have very, very little time to listen to the teachings of well-meaning gentlemen who have no more serious object in life than the suppression of the tobacco habit.

The world moves, gentlemen of the Philadelphia Presbytery.

It would be quite as well for you if some one could convince you that the first of May in the world's great year of progress has arrived and that the van-man is awaiting your pleasure.

Little Robert Reed was a very exemplary youth, no doubt, but who is going to listen to him when the Great of the Earth are to be heard for the asking?

WINTERED BLACK.

DOOLEY AND MCKINLEY.

WHY THEY DID NOT HAPPEN TO MEET.

DOO HEAR that Mack's in town," said Dooley.

"Didn't ye see him?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Faith, I did not!" said Mr. Dooley. "If 'tis meetin' me he's after, all he has to do is to get on a car and ride out to number nine-double-naught-nine Archery road, an' stop where he sees the sign of the 'Tip' rary Bowdewiser Brewin' company. I'm here fr'm 8 in the mornin' till midnight, an' th' rest of th' time I'm in the back room in th' arm's of Or-phrys, as Hogan says. Don't rap-come in. Th' President is as welcome as any respectable married man. I will give him a chat an' a drink fr' 15 cents, an' as ye're not, as a friend I mine in th' grocery and potery business says, I'll give him a commercial an' industrial nation. If he has th' Society in th' Treasury with him I'll give him two fr' 25 cents, which is th' standard in value among civilized nations th' wizard over. Prizidint, in th' United States, says ye? Well, I'm prizidint in this liquor shore, fr'm th' pitcher in th' Chicago fire above th' washstand in th' back room to th' dure step. Beyond that belongs to th' policeman on the bate. An' Amerriean's home, as one iv th' pates says, is his castle till th' morgedie falls due. An' dividit a fut will I put out iv this dure to see e'er a prizidint, prince or potentate fr' th' Cear iv Rooslin to th' King iv Boolgharia. There's Prizidint Mack at th' Aud. Ritooroom, an' here's Prizidint Dooley at nine-double-naught-nine an' th' tenth iv th' street between them. Says he: 'Come over to th' hotel an' see me.' Says I: 'If ye find ye-cerself thum fr'm a quart in me neeborhood, drop in.' An' there ye are."

"I may never see him. I may go to me grave without gettin' an' eye on th' wan man besides meself that don't know what th' furrrin policy iv th' United States is goin' to be. An' he, poor man, with some wan asks him: 'Did ye ever meet Dooley?' 'I have to say: 'No; I had th' chancest wan, but me accursed pride kept me from visitin' him.'"

"I read his speeches, though, an' know what he's doin'. Some iv thim ar-re great. He attended th' banquet given by th' Prosperity Brigade at th' hotel where he's stoppin'. 'Twas a magnificent assemblage iv th' laborin' classes, costin' fifteen dollars a plate, an' on'y disturbed while a well-to-do gentleman in th' dury goods business had to be thum fr' takin' a kick at a waiter. I read his th' papers that when Mack come in he was raved by th' gatherin' with shouts iv approval. Th' proceedin' was opened with a prayer that Providence might remain under th' protection iv th' Administration. Th' Society iv th' Treasury followed with a grand speech highly commending th' action by th' Treasury Department durin' th' late war, but, say he, 'I cannot,' he says, 'so far forget meself,' he says, 'as not to mention,' he says, 'that,' he says, 'if it hadn't been fr' th' sublime patriotism an' courage,' he says, 'of th' gentleman whom we honor,' he says, 'in puttin' me on th' force,' he says, 'I might not be here tonight,' he says.

"Th' Society iv th' Treasury was followed by th' Gin'al Shafter. 'Gentlemen,' says he, 'it gives me,' he says, 'great pleasure,' he says, 'to be prizidnt in th' mist iv so many an' so various duties,' he says, 'I'm coorse,' he says, 'I'll elize me own great world,' he says, 'but,' he says, 'I have to be more than a human,' he says, 'to overlook th' debt iv gratitude,' he says, 'th' country owes,' he says, 'to th' man whose foresight, wisdom an' prudence brought me forward an' at such an opportune time,' he says, 'Gentlemen,' he says, 'unless ye have lived in th' backboard fr' months on th' parched deserts iv Cuba,' he says, 'ye little know what a pleasure it is,' he says, 'th' drink,' he says, 'to th' author iv our bed,' he says, 'he says, 'An' Gin'al Miles went out an' punched th' belly. Mack rose up in a perfect hurricane iv applause an' says he: 'Gentlemen,' he says, 'an' follow heroes.' he says, 'I alone shud not have th' credit iv this glorious victory. They ar-re others.' (A voice: 'Shafter!'). Another voice: 'Gage.' Another voice: 'Dooley.' 'I pass to a more congenial line of thought,' he says, 'I have it,' he says, 'Agahn,' he says, 'rrible war,' he says, 'Agahn,' he says, 'Wearin' a united union,' he says, 'No north,' he says, 'no south, no east,' he says, 'no west,' he says, 'No north east point,' he says, 'Th' hules iv our country has been crushed,' he says, 'or is stuck down in Florida with his right hand talkin', he says, 'his hellish doctrines to th' alligators,' he says, 'Th' nation is waunst more at peace under th' gran' gol' standard,' he says, 'Now,' he says, 'th' question is what shall we do with th' fruits